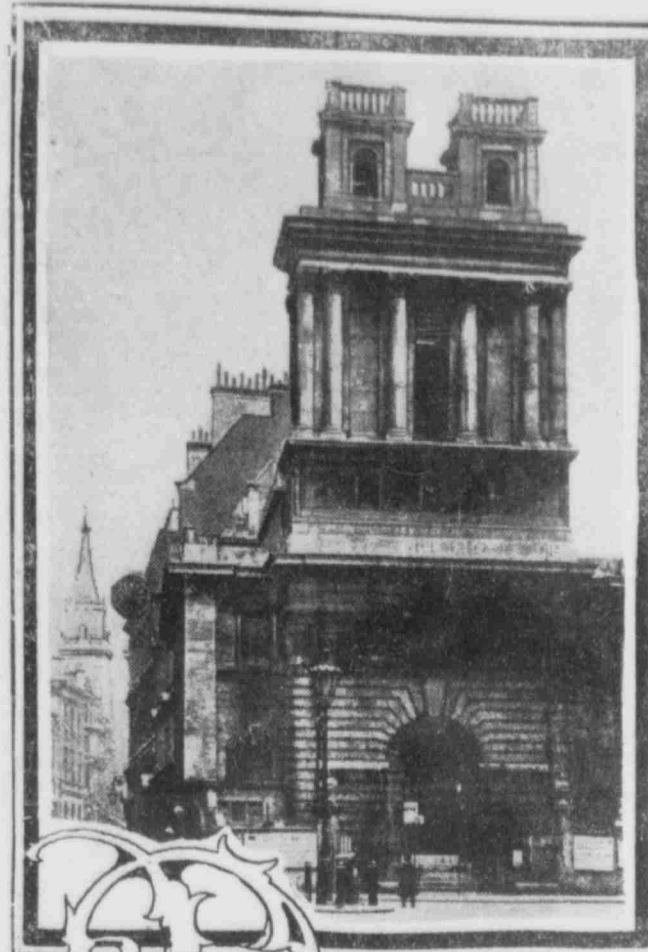
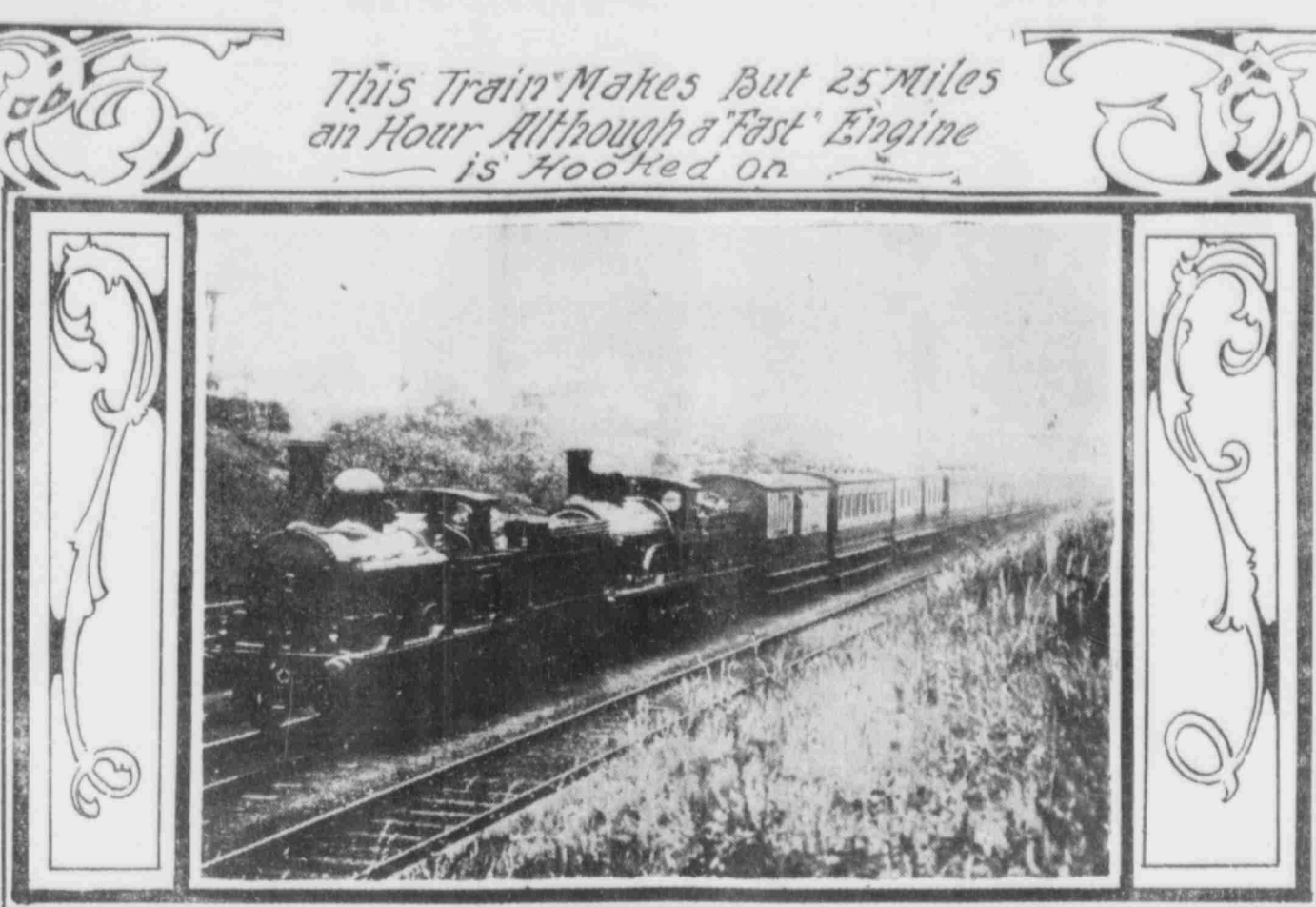


# The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



St. Mary Woolnoth  
A Practically Useless Church



This Train Makes But 25 Miles  
an Hour Although a Fast Engine  
is Hooked On



St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate  
A Useless London Church

## All Aboard For The "Cattle Trains" of Europe!

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 1.—Have you ever traveled on the "cattle trains" of Europe? Have you ever had your luggage broken into and everything of value stolen; been roused from your slumbers at night and compelled to change trains after paying exorbitant charges for the privilege of traveling by a through train; been insulted by conductor, guard or station master or forced to sleep standing up in the drafty corridor of a smoke-ridden car? Have you been charged extra because at some stage of your journey a "fast" engine is said to have been hooked to your train and then traveled hundreds of weary miles at a snail's pace, or paid a fancy price to ride on a "lightning express" that finds it utterly impossible to negotiate more than 25 miles an hour and stops at every little one-hour station? No? Then render thanks to the States which have been kind to you and cease envying your globe-trotting neighbors.

The indictment against the railroads is a heavy one. I doubt if there are many people who have traveled much on the railroads on the continent who have not at one time or another addressed a scathing protest to the management. But despite these hundreds of thousands of protests the services get gradually worse and worse. The majority of the letters are consigned to the waste paper basket and are not even answered. The only possible means of getting reparation for the most flagrant case of neglect and injury on the part of the railroads is to put the case in the hands of a lawyer and take the first steps toward a suit in court.

### BAGGAGE PLUNDERED.

For years past, with increasing frequency, the baggage of passengers has been plundered almost openly on the railroads of France and Italy. It is hard to believe that there is a single honest employe on any of the railroads that could not be accomplished except with the knowledge of everybody connected with station and trains goes on night and day. Those intruders are armed with tools for filling locks and sawing woodwork, and so expertly is the work done that the unfortunate owners seldom discover it until they arrive at their destination.

Not is the pilfering of baggage the only serious charge against these railroads. Through passengers are ousted out of the night to change cars at the pleasure of the officials. Cars which start moderately full are, after a short run, taken off and the passengers crowded into the remaining cars through the long nights or to attempt to snatch a few hours of fitful slumber reposing on the top of their luggage. At some lonely mountain station, third-class cars are taken off, and the occupants, many of them of the poorest, dirtiest, and most objectionable class, after being compelled to pay the difference in fare, are bundled in with the long-suffering second class passengers. This practice has made it almost impossible for women unaccompanied by male escorts to escape insult if traveling by second class. As a matter of fact, if female passengers are lucky enough to escape insult at the hands of their fellow passengers, they are sure of meeting with it in the hands of the road.

Not is the indictment yet complete. Extra charges for fictitious services are a favorite means of official thievery. Seated fast engines are hooked on at stopping places and additional fares collected from the helpless passengers. Extra charges are made for express trains, although the speed rarely is more than 25 miles an hour. The "fast" trains all stop at a dozen or so stations to every hundred miles, and there isn't a local service in the United States, however bad, from which the Continental system, with a few exceptions, could not learn enough to fill several fat volumes.

### PETTY BRIGANDS.

Although I believe it holds true generally that the further south you travel in Europe the bigger thieves you meet, still in Sicily you find yourself among a veritable nation of petty thieves and brigands. I do not believe there is a worse railway system in the

world, when all things are considered, than the Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean. What the employes don't steal from the passengers on that line you can make up your mind is not worth much. If you have any temper or composure left after accomplishing a journey over one of its lines, you may congratulate yourself on being an angel without wages; and if you do not damn the whole road, the continent in toto and traveling in general, and swear to stick to your little old United States the rest of your life, you will be a glorious exception along the multitude which have gone before—and probably will come after you.

### TYPICAL EXPRESS.

Although I have talked with many people who have grievances against this particular railroad, I have yet to find any one whose experience tops my own. A branch of the P. L. M. runs between Rome and Paris. One of the daily services is a so-called "express," for which you pay a special fare. The distance between the two cities, as the bird flies, or rather, as the ruler lies, is about 720 miles. You are used to the magnificent train services throughout the United States will find it hard to credit it when I state that the time occupied by this "express" train to do these 720 miles is more than 28 hours. Imagine paying a special fare to travel at the rate of 25 miles an hour! This same train, designed primarily to get people who are tired of Italy and its railroads away from the scenes of their discontent and into Paris as soon as possible, finds it necessary to stop fully a score of times between the two cities. Indeed, at one city a lay-over—it is impossible to call it anything else—is made for three-quarters of an hour, presumably to give the heated axle of the swiftly moving train a chance to cool.

### CATTLE TRAINS.

When I last traveled over this particular stretch of the railroad, no attempt was made by the railroad officials to cope with the passenger traffic. Many of the passengers were compelled to spend the night in the corridors. Those of us who were fortunate enough to get a seat were crowded eight in a compartment, with windows tightly closed. We almost suffocated. No cattle ever were herded closer or with less regard for their comfort. I had sent my baggage on to Modena, the first town over the French border, and it was necessary for me to register it from there to Paris. Forty minutes was allowed at the station, and there was one clerk on duty to cope with the luggage of the passengers. This clerk had no knowledge of the rates and found it necessary frequently to leave his desk to consult some superior official at the other end of the big station. The first to fall into his hands was an English woman who was traveling with her maid. It took the intelligent clerk just five minutes to reduce her to tears through ignorance, and alone upon half and hour to determine how much the company legally or safely could steal from her.

### HOUSON'S CHOICE.

By the time I reached the window there were two minutes left to catch the train. My luggage weighed 28 pounds, and it was so marked on the receipt slips. Yet, although it was two pounds under the weight carried free by the clerk declared that there was 12 francs due for excess. He refused to argue the point, but tossed the ticket back, exclaiming, with a grin: "If you don't like it, leave it!" With a minute left, I had no choice in the matter, and left my baggage. Upon my arrival in Paris I had the luggage sent through in bond, and made a claim for the 12 francs. The sum total of the lengthy correspondence, including an endless variety of pleadings, demands and threats, was that the P. L. M. finally denied that any attempt had ever been made to register the luggage. To cap the climax, when I did get my luggage I found that the heavy load had been filed through and that what remained within would have provided a wardrobe for Father Adam.

Subsequently I met the English woman who had been a fellow sufferer with me that night at Modena, and she informed me that her baggage had not come through with her to Paris, after all, and that she had been compelled to leave her maid in Paris to wait for it and to travel to London alone.

### TAKES UP A COLLECTION.

The Austrian railroads are a little

## Forty-Four Churches in One Square Mile is Record of the City of London

Over-Churching of the Old City Proper, With a Population of Only 20,000 is Again Troubling the English Churchmen—Movement for the Demolition of the Useless Buildings Makes Little or No Headway—Occupy Some of the Best Sites in the City. The Total Value of Which Has Been Estimated at \$50,000,000.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 1.—English churchmen are undergoing one of their periodic awakenings to the scandal of "over-churching" of the City of London, and the proposal to sell more than half the churches and apply their funds to church work that is really needed, is again under discussion. It has been under discussion a number of times before, however, and nothing has come of it.

By the City of London, it should be explained, is meant not the English metropolis with its 6,000,000 or more people, but the old city, which still preserves its separate corporate existence and which has an area of one square mile. Its population is estimated now at about 20,000 persons and most of these are caretakers of business buildings and their families, for excepting a narrow fringe at the eastern end where the city merges into Whitechapel, the city is entirely given over to business. This square mile with its population of 20,000 has no less than 54 churches—I am speaking now of edifices of the church of England only, and taking no account of buildings belonging to nonconformist bodies—with a seating capacity of 22,350, and a total income exclusive of clergy houses and rich fees, of more than \$200,000 a year. In other words, every man, woman and child in the city could be accommodated in the churches of this denomination alone and there would be about 400 seats to spare. This estimate, it must be remembered, takes no account of St. Paul's cathedral, whose clergy receive \$45,000, exclusive of the \$50,000 a year paid to the bishop of London, and which could easily supply all the religious needs of the city.

The scandal of this condition of affairs is all the greater when one remembers the crying need for churches and church workers in other parts of the country, and in view of the wretched stipends paid to many of the country clergy. It is not uncommon to find clergymen in the church of England whose income is less than \$250 a year, and whose daughters have to earn their living as domestic servants because their fathers have never been able to educate them to anything better. The church papers are filled with appeals from needy clergymen for financial aid and sometimes even for gifts of old clothes.

### HISTORY RESPONSIBLE.

The over-churching of the city of course has its basis in history. Church building was a favorite method adopted by the pious merchants of the middle ages for getting rid of their surplus money, and in the days when the churches were built the city was a much more populous place than it now is. There were 90 churches in the city before the great fire of 1666. Of these

36 were never rebuilt and a few have been demolished, but the churches that now stand were nearly all built soon after the fire and their revenues are based on the enormously increased value of their holdings of land and other property.

It is impossible to obtain any accurate estimate of the capital value of the sites, as of course they have never come into the market and land values in London vary enormously, even within a few yards. Some instances, however, will give an idea of what the total value must be. The site of St. Mary's Woolnoth, which stands opposite the Bank of England, and under which an underground railway station has been built, is valued at about \$2,000,000. That of St. Peter le Poer in Old Broad street, the heart of the financial district, is said to be worth \$600,000. Its income is \$10,000 a year and its congregation averages 30 persons. The site of St. Thomas, Charterhouse, is valued at \$50,000, while that of All Hallows, Lombard street, is said to be worth no less than \$1,000,000. The ground on which St. Michael's and St. Peter's Cornhill, is built is valued at \$7,500,000. It will thus be seen what an enormous amount of capital is tied up in these useless churches. The sum of \$50,000,000 has been mentioned, and while it is merely a rough guess, it is not an excessive figure.

From time to time a few of these useless churches have been demolished and the sites sold. Some of the prices obtained have been as follows:

St. Michael, Wood street.....	\$150,000
St. Michael, Fenchurch.....	175,000
St. Bartholomew, Little Moor.....	100,000
St. Dunstons, Fleet street.....	100,000

### RELIGION COMES HIGH.

Looking at the situation from the point of view of income alone it has been estimated that the church expenditure in the city of London alone is \$6.16 per head of the population annually. In West Ham, a populous and poor district in the east of greater London it is only four cents per head per year, and in Fulham, a middle class district in the west, it is but \$1.66 per head.

A careful census of the attendance at 19 of these churches was made one Sunday morning recently and it was learned that there were present 21 worshippers including 24 children and the vergers and pew openers. The 19 churches stand on sites the value of which is estimated at \$2,500,000. The incomes of their clergy are \$28,556 a year and the seating capacity of the churches is 4,750.

Many of these clergymen never come near their parishes at all. The services are regularly held every Sunday by poorly paid curates, while the man who draws the immense salary lives comfortably in the country. Some of the incumbents, it is true, are hard-working men who take advantage of

the lightness of their parish duties to devote themselves to other work in the church which is more needed and for which no money is available. Two or three of them are unsalaried suffragan (assistant) bishops, and in some instances the city livings have been presented to men who are doing valuable literary and research work for the church and who would otherwise be unable to devote themselves to these necessary activities. The fact remains, however, that this work is being carried on at immense expense, for if the sites were sold and their capital value released there would be money enough to spare for every legitimate purpose.

### HISTORICAL CHURCHES.

There are, of course, some of these churches that are worthy of preservation on account of their architectural beauty or their historic associations. One is St. Bartholomew's the Great in Smithfield, which is one of the oldest churches in England, and one of the most perfect specimens of Norman architecture in existence. It is one of the two churches remaining that escaped the great fire. Another is St. Helen's, Wood street, which is also a fine specimen of Norman architecture. Then there are at least two beautiful churches built by Sir Christopher Wren which no one would think of demolishing. They are St. Bride's, Fleet street, which has the most beautiful spire in London, and St. Mary le Bow in Cheapside, whose tower contains the famous Bow bells, and which is the home of the historic church of Arches, where all offenses against ecclesiastical discipline are tried. St. Dunstons in the West at the Strand end of Fleet street is another church which is worthy of preservation for its architectural beauty.

There are a number of churches, however, for which nothing can be said. They are not beautiful and they serve no useful purpose. Among these are what is known as the "Pork Pie" church outside Liverpool street station, which takes its name from its resemblance to the favorite London delicacy, and St. Martin's Ludgate, which presents only a plain brick wall to the street. St. Michael's and St. Peter's, Cornhill, the site of which is worth \$7,500,000 has no pretensions to architectural beauty.

All these facts have been laid before the bishop of London and it may be that a few of the most glaring instances will be removed, but there is little hope at present for any sweeping reforms. A bold bishop is needed to brave all the forces of vested interest and conservatism which are ranged on the side of the "dead" churches. Even with the best will in the world the elaborate proceedings which are necessary before permission can be obtained to demolish a church and divert its funds to other purposes are enough to appall any ordinary man.

FRANCIS HOPKINS.

## Plead With Muriel White To be Married in London

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 1.—Muriel White, daughter of the American ambassador to France, is so popular here that her girl friends have sent her a round robin begging her to be married in London. At the same time all her friends have been disappointed that her fiancée has set upon a German. German men, however clever or distinguished, are not favorites in British society. Why, it is difficult to say. But there it is. When the public announcement of the engagement was made about a fortnight ago I was greeted on every side with "How could she? What possessed her?" or "Why couldn't she have married one of the dozens of nice Englishmen who had asked her?"

For all that, Graf Scherr, Thos. of Silesia—everyone spells his name differently—is by the accounts of those who know him a very desirable young man who comes of an old house. It was said it was his smart cavalry uniform which in the first instance charmed the fair lady. He has a house in the great houses of the west, and is altogether German in looks. Although the army is his profession he has scientific ambitions and is said to be extremely clever. But of ready money there is little despite the honors to the contrary, which is the veriest detail to the bride-elect who is greatly in love with him and will have plenty of her own.

Smart French society is extremely regretful, too, that the American ambassador's daughter should have taken a fancy to a German and this is one of the reasons why it is quite possible that the marriage may take place in London instead of in Paris where the old bitterness against the conquerors is as strong as ever.

Meanwhile a most wondrous troussseau is being made for the bride-elect, some of which is being gathered in London by the same dressmaker who hurriedly made an exquisite outfit for her as a debutante when, with her father, she was suddenly summoned to join the home party at Windsor castle to meet the late king and the queen of Portugal. Both Carlos and Queen Amelia were greatly taken with the young American girl and the dead king took numbers of snap shots of her.

Not a few British suitors have been badly hit by the news of her engagement.

### QUARANTINE FOR DOGS.

Ladies with precious pet dogs as an ornament to their houses in which it is supposed there is an outbreak of distemper as if the dogs were children and measles or scarlet fever were reported in the neighborhood. Mrs. Henry Higgins, who has several smart dogs, had completed the journey by train to a country house the other day when she discovered incidentally that the dogs of her friends (who were on their way to the house) were quarantined. She decided she would not enter the house and turned back, fearing that a precious pet dog she had with her might get contaminated. The journey was over a hundred miles, but she was willing to face it again in the teeth of an east wind and blinding snow storm. The chauffeur was difficult to treat with, but his mistress was ably aided by the fact that she was amicably arranged when it was decided to spend the night at a hotel in the nearest town.

It is considered the worst possible form of insult to an intending guest who possesses dogs, know beforehand if there is any malady in the kennels for many suppose that it is quite possible to bring away the germs of distemper in the same way as those of measles or any other illness. There are those who vow that their dogs have caught illnesses solely through having the muzzles transmitted from the germs of their human friends who have previously visited an invalid dog. People are simply rabid on the question of contagion and go about with all sorts

of preventives to mitigate possibility of transmission of germs.

MISS POST ETTED.

Mrs. Adair and her niece, Nellie Post, on leaving through their letters to their friends have been having the time of their life journeying in the east. They had letters of introduction to everyone worth considering in China and Japan with the result that they have been fêted almost to death. Chinese princess and Japanese bigwigs have all been at the feet of Miss Post, both ladies have had presents of the most exquisite kimono, china and the most artistic carved ivories. On their own account they have, however been purchasing considerably and are bringing enough embroideries, screens, bric-a-brac, tapestries and rugs to furnish half a dozen houses.

Lady Harrington, Miss Post's mother, expects to arrive in London about the same date as Mrs. Adair and her niece, that is, the end of April. She, too, is now much better having derived great benefit from her long stay in Madeira, whither she went when the weather in Brighton became so severe. It is, however, under her aunt's wing and not her mother's that Nellie Post will spend the season. Miss Post is one of the most sought after American girls in Europe, being bright, interesting and good-looking. Besides, she will in time be a great housewife, as it is well-known that her aunt, Mrs. Adair, is devoted to her and means to endow her very handsomely. Most of the girls of her particular set are now married, but she being rather more fastidious than the others, and perhaps more ambitious, says she is in no hurry. Some of her friends accuse her of being romantic and say that is why she is still Miss Post.

### THE VERY LATEST.

"Ball breakfasts" are the very latest thing. Sometimes they are served at the conclusion of the dance in the house where it has taken place. In other cases a friend of the ball giver offers to take on a number of the guests to her own residence and there regale them with a pick-me-up breakfast of the most interesting order. Deviled bones and deviled kidneys, caviar, anchovies served in a variety of ways, oysters, beef and chicken, and brandy and soda are all procurable at this meal. Many of the guests prefer ham and eggs to any dainties. As a rule, however, it is the more appetizing dishes which are asked for. When the fine weather arrives it is expected that these ball breakfasts will be a feature. The next, over, some welcome to their middle and valent to bring on their riding attire and later take a canter in the flow; others have a rubber of bridge.

These ball breakfasts are, however, only for women, as the Victorian novelists would say, in their first youth. Fatigue soon tells after five and twelve and at all times, some women who face the morning light after dancing all night. There is a story told of one young man who having undertaken to give a ball breakfast found on consulting his mirror that she was, as she expressed it, "looking like her own mother" whereupon she promptly refused from her wretched condition and took and putting them on went down thus arriving to preside at the festivity. This innovation has been adopted since by several others and it is said that the latest fashion will furnish an excuse for the invention of a new garment.

Hitherto it is the country which has mostly claimed Mr. Valer's interest. He is one of the few American men who do not like London—in fact, he used to have having even in his youth. All this is apparent in the changed form of late, he is constantly here either at friends' houses or entertaining on his own at the smart hotels and restaurants. It is said that he is making a great study of English politics with a view to entering public life. His friends are so far as to say that the height of his ambition is to be a member of the British parliament.

LADY MARY.

ways, but the head offices of the various companies take every possible advantage of the traveling public. For instance, not long ago a friend of mine paid \$12 for through sleeping compartments for himself and family to the south of France. At a small station, after they had all retired for the night, they were compelled to get up, dress, and go into another car. The car-ho-

which they were placed was not a sleeper, and they had to sit up all night. They had not been in this car more than five minutes before two French women, half dead and crying, were thrust into the compartment and had to finish dressing before the other passengers. The officials had been met

(Continued on page fourteen.)